

CHAPTER XIV. THE CRYPT.

The human mind, though busiest when exchanging ideas in conversation with others, dives depest in solitude. Probably no case was ever profoundly considered unless the student was alone, and never so profoundly as when involuntarily-when the mental faculties are so absorbed in contemplation of one subject that diversion from it is as being awakened from

I experienced this truth when-having retired to my room, set down the lantern, and exchanged my boots for slippers-I placed my elbows on the mantelpiece and my head upon my hands, and stood so for I know not how long. That such was my attitude for not less than two hours I am sure from the interruption which dispelled my reverie. I had emptied my pockets, and all

the money I possessed-six sovereigns and some odd shillings-lay before me on the mantelpiece. Perhaps it was the sight of these few coins which led me to review my experiences of the past twelve days, and to seriously ask myself for the fast time before seeking assurance by actual essay, what were my chances to find the treasure which had been deposited in the crypt beneath my father's house. That the treasure of which I had that day read had been disposed of as described by my ancestor, I did not for a moment doubt; that such a treasure should be suffered to rest undisturbed for more than two hundred years, there were many reasons to doubt. Yet was it not distinctly asserted by Roger Trueman that the treasure was in the Abbot's Cell in the crypt-that it was to remain there until he built a hospital? Might not the bricked-up arch which my aunt Gertrude had noticed when she went over Holdenburst Hall be this same Abbot's Cell alluded to by my ancestor; and might not the reason for its being bricked up be to secure its contents? And if that were so, could its contents be other than the quarter of a million Venetian sequins which had so strangely fallen into my ancestor's possession and been as strangely bestowed by him? It must be so. No one of my family had ever built or endowed a hospital-no one of them had ever possessed so much money as a quarter of a million sequins, unless it were this same Roger Trueman; and had so large a sum of money been found in our house and appropriated by any member of my family at any period I could not have failed to hear of it. Yes; the money must certainly be there, and I would presently go be low and look at it, and my father and I would fetch it upstairs in the morning. Then would my father and I inmoney which he had so generously given to us; then would I ask Constance Marsh to become my wife;

What a thing is money—the epitome of all men's desires! Why, those six small yellow counters lying on the shelf before me would buy the hard daily labor of an East Anglian giant, who to gain them would sweat and toil in the parched fields from sunrise to sunset for twelve weeks-wages current this last quarter of the nineteenth century. For less than two of them will not a man labor in darkness in the bowels of the earth with constant peril to life or limb, or stand be fore a roaring furnace, or work in the nexious air of a factory amid the maddening whirl of machinery for a week, esteeming himself fortunate if such alender means of life so earned be not denied him? For want of these same counters has not a loving husband and father watched his wife pine and his child die? Answer, you who have been up and down this England of ours, you who have traversed her towns and villages, you who know how the poor live and how they die, is it not so? Why, in the towns of Christian England, is every man plucked by the sleeve who passes along the byeway? What is the cause? Lust? Nay; dire need of a pitifully few silver counters, and the inability of hundreds of thousands of women to gain them by means more honorable. Even I, whose ife has not yet run to two decades, and who have always lived remote from the busy haunts of men, cannot but knows these truths; and is it not wrong in one who has youth, leisure, and the luxuries of life to so passionately desire to grasp this treasure, which he has done nothing to acquire and which certainly is not his: But a few days ago, and the whole spirit of greed was foreign to my nature; now is my whole being dominated by it. Alas, can it be that Love, purest of passions, evokes Avarice? No: desire of that which is necessary in compassing a natural and laudable ambition is not avarice. These sequins are necessary to me if I am to win the girl upon whom I have set to this place. I procedeed but slowly my beart; pay, more, perhaps they have been reserved in this mysterious first on the right and then on the left. way for this special object. Have not the wise men of the earth in every age ascribed what are commonly called mysteries to the orderly decrees of high powers? But for my love of indeed it was scarcely possible that I Constance Marsh the question whether should now be disappointed, my greatthere exists a hidden treasure in our house or not would only languidly interest me. Che sara sara. Now will I light my lantern and go below. If-Heavens! what was that!

I turned about in a fright as great as that of a thief disturbed in his nefarious work, yet it was nothing more than a gentle tapping on the outside at my watch the tapping was repeated, move so much of this brick screen as be loss.

as gently as before. I am ashamed to confess how much this simple circumstance alarmed me. I listened intently for a minute, conscious of nothing but the loud ticking of my watch and the violent throbbing of my heart, when the tapping was repeated a third time, still very softly. With a great

out boldly-"Who's there?"

"It's only me, Master Ernest," replied the feeble voice of John Adams. "What do you want?" I asked, flinging the door wide open.

effort I disguised my terror, and called

"Are you ill? Is there anything can do for you?" inquired the old

"No, I am not ill, and there is nothing you can do for me. Why do you trouble me with such an absurd inquiry?"

"I thought I heard you walking about, and that I saw a light in your

"Why, I have not moved off the hearth-rug these two hours or more, and the only light here is that taper on the mantelplece."

"You are not angry with me, Master Ernest?" pleaded the old man.

"No, no; why should I be? You are very attentive. Go to bed at once." I watched the old man as he slowly walked away along the corridor carrying a lighted candle in one hand. and shading its flame with the other, and did not re-enter my room until after I had heard his door close.

This simple incident abated much of my courage, and caused me to postpone my visit to the crypt for a full hour. I was very anxious and nervous, but not to be deterred from carrying out my resolve. At half-past one o'clock I quietly emerged from my room, closing the door behind me as noiselessly as possible. In one hand I carried a lantern-lighted, but with the wick turned so low that it emitted only a feeble gleam-and in the other a riding whip without a thong, on the butt of which a heavy hammer was mounted-an instrument used by my sporting forefathers for opening obstinate five-barred gates. I tried to persuade myself that I carried this weapon solely to assist in removing any lumber or other inanimate obstruction which might lie between me and the object of my search, and not for defense-an ingenious but unsuccessful attempt at self-deception. The light from my lantern, feeble

though it was, caused my form to cast an enormously exaggerated shadow on the floor and wall of the corridor. The carpets had been removed from the corridor and stairs, a circumstance I had not considered, and despite my soft slippers and careful tread, a distinctly audible and weird creaking proclaimed each step I set. I paused for oment outside Old John's door. It was closed and all was dark and silent within. The creaking of the stairs was so loud that had any inmate of our house chanced to have been lying swake my errand must have infallibly been betrayed.

Once in the entrance hall, I again paused. All was still and quiet as the grave. Setting down my lantern, I took from my pocket a huge key I had been careful to abstract from its accustomed place a few hours before, and which opened a door in a stillroom at the back of the entrance hall, whence a steep flight of steps led down into the crypt. There was now no further danger of disturbing anybody, and I entered the stillroom with confidence, but was annoyed to find the door which opened on the steps which led to the crypt standing partly open; and reproached myself for my carelessness-for doubtless I was the last person there-regarding the circumstance as additional proof of my nervousness. However, it could not matter, and I pushed open the door yet wider and boldly descended into the

I had not visited the crypt since l conducted my aunt Gertrude through the whistle. It was an echo of the it, and perhaps less than half a dozen times before. Certainly I had not previously observed it so closely as I now did. It was a large vault, built entirely of stone, the mainway of it being an apartment about eighteen feet wide and as long as the house-that is to say, a hundred and ten feetwith eight arched recesses on either side, whereof the one to which I was bound differed nothing from the others except in being closed by a brick wall at the front. The mainway was tolerably clear, but nearly all the recesses were filled with miscellaneous lumber, for the most part ancient and peculiar-terrestrial and celestial globes, telescopes, retorts, crucibles, and strange instruments of which I did not know the names, doubtless the whole of them long ago rendered worthless by modern and improved means of scientific investigation. Notwithstanding my extreme eagerness to accomplish the object of my visit on my way, looking into each recess, resolving to thoroughly examine every object in it after I had informed my iather of my magnificent discovery.

My s irits were greatly elated; for est fear-that the workmen employed about the house had been into the crypt to use it as a store for their tools and materials-being dispelled, for no sign of them or their belongings was

anywhere to be seen. In this mood I reached the Abbot's Cell, and, having turned up the wick of my lantern, stood before it and of my door. It was now a quarter of considered it. Yes, there it was; and do him justice, when once this coin has an hour past midnight, and my father its aspect was the same as when my been paid by you the Chinaman, coolie and the servants should have been in attention was first called to it by aunt or shopman, will generally stick to bed at least two hours. As I glanced Gertrude. And now. how was I to re- his bargain, even if the result to him

would enable me to get through to where the treasure chests were concealed? I observed with joy that the mortar between the bricks, from age and want of timely repair was nearly all crumbled and gone; but though I could have drawn a few of the bricks out of their places with the aid of my hammer, I refrained from doing so for fear of the upper bricks falling upon me, which from their loose appear-

ance seemed more than probable. To get a couple of boxes, stand them on end one upon the other and mount to the top, was the work only of a few minutes. I then applied my hammer as a lever to force up one of the topmost bricks, and was surprised to find that it was merely laid in its place and not attached in any way to its fellows. This was the case with another, and yet another. Why, all the bricks were perfectly loose-merely piled one upon another as a child builds houses with wooden blocks.

I removed more than a hundred bricks which formed the upper rows by simply lifting them one by one and laying them aside upon the floor. When a sufficient number had been removed to enable me to see what was within, I stood my lantern on what was now the top of the wall and, with feelings of intense satisfaction and delight, beheld several square black chests at the end of the recess. Forgetting in the excitement of the moment that the wall with which I was dealing was only such in appearance, I leaped on to the top of ti, and by aid of my hands dropped down on the inside, pulling a large part of the structure inwards with me and dashing my lantern to the ground with so much force that the glass was broken and the light extinguished.

Fortunately I was not unprovided for such an emergency, as, being a smoker, it was my custom to carry matches. I soon extricated my lantern from among the bricks which had fallen with it, and having relit it, proceeded to examine my surroundings. At the end of the recess stood the black chests which I had noticed from the outside, orderly disposed in three rows, three chests in a row-one chest less than I had expected to find. Looking about me more particularly, I beheld with dismay the tenth chest nearly in the middle of the apartment, with a half-burned candle protruding from the neck of a bottle and an ordinary up-to-date box of matches standing upon it; at sight of which my burning hope fell to zero. Having removed the candle and matches, I tapped the chest with my hammer; it was resonant. I lifted it; it weighed scarce ten pounds, and the lid fell off on to the floor. I held my lantern close and scrutinized it eagerly, and-Oh, cruel fate!-it bore every sign of having been recently opened; the thick black paint was grazed in a way that denoted the action of a double-pointed crowbar as freshly as if the chest bad been forced open an hour ago. I stood it down, ran to the other chests, and quickly moved them from where they stood. Not one of them contained anything, but each of them bore the same unmistakable traces of recent violation as I had observed upon the first

Mad with rage and disappointment, quitted the recess in the manner I had entered it, pushing outward a lot of loose bricks in the act, and was striding rapidly along the mainway and tell him all, when an object met and almost stupefied me with terror. In a recess near to the door by which I had entered the crypt crouched the figure of a man, his back towards me the better to conceal a small lamp which he carried.

I was never robust, and my breakdown at this critical juncture must in justice be ascribed to natural weakness rather than to cowardice. My first impulse was to rush at the intruder and strike him down with my hammer, but all power of locomotion had deserted me. I tried to shout for belp, but my tongue refused its office, and, involuntarily relaxing my grasp of my lantern and weapon, I sank insensible to the ground.

To be continued.

Trainmen Bothered by a Spook.

Engineer Gene Smith, of the Colorado Midland, doesn't believe in ghosts, and that's what troubles him. He was rounding a deep cut near King station one day this week when he saw the figure of a woman dressed in white lying across the track. "It was too late to apply the brakes," he said to a group of trainmen to-day. "I gave despairing wail that rose from my heart. I closed my eyes, but we struck nothing. Looking out from my engine a moment later I saw before me floating up and with the hand waving mockingly at me, the figure which I had just seen lying prostrate on the

tracks." J. D. Crowley, who runs another train over the same route, confirms Smith's story. Both are men of unquestioned veracity. There is much apprehension among trainmen over that branch, and it is said there is a strong demand for rabbits' feet and other talismans,-St. Louis Globe-Democrat

The Horse Blew First.

A horse breeder residing not far from Newtonards, Ireland, sent one of his men to blow a medical powder up a young horse's nostrils. In a short time after going out to perform his task the master proceeded to the stables to see how the work was being done. He found Pat leaning up against the stable door, coughing, rubbing his eyes and appearing very much alarmed.

Master-"What is the matter? Are you burt?"

Pat-"Oh, I'm killed entoirely. Whin I put the tube in the baste's nose, shure he blew first, and the powdher is down me throat, and I'll be after dying this minit!"

Clinching a Bargain in China.

When you engage a servant or make bargain in China it is not considered binding until the "fastening penny" has been paid. Although his bad faith is notorious in some matters, yet, to

Stories About Insect-D. Eating Plants &

By J. Carter Beard.

E have all of us been accuslogical races, that the doubts which to secure fertilization. I say in general certain scientific investigators are be- incapable of movement, because the ginning to entertain with regard to rule admits of very notable exceptions. the truth of any assertion that attri- In the telegraph plant (Desniodium little creatures, comes upon our senti- of which each of its leaves are commental appreciation of their ways with posed, the larger terminal one erects something like a shock.

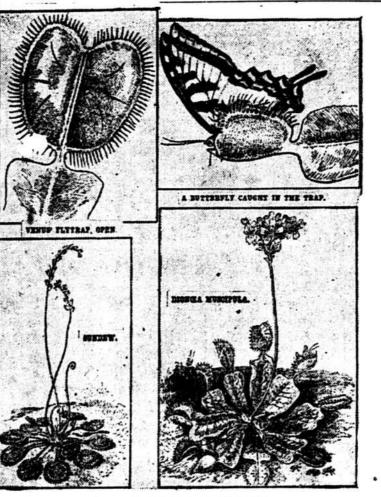
forced to recognize the extreme limita- light. tions of this so-called intelligence, its | Many plants shift the position of inflexible nature, and its inability to their leaves as the direction of the light adapt itself to other conditions than changes. This power is possessed to a those under which it is habitually, or considerable degree by some of our ordinarily exercised, that we recognize common house plants. If an oxalis how much is wanting in the behavior shrub, for instance, is exposed for a of insects to furnish conclusive evi- time to the light in a window, and then dence of their possession of any intel- turned half way round, an observer lectual capacity whatever.

general, as it does also plants, but it in relation to the light. Certain movedoes not necessarily follow that vision, ments of plants seem to testify to the in the human sense of the word, be possession by the plants of something longs either to plants or to insects.

coccocococccococococo ingenious devices to attain some de sired end, and as many adaptations to special environments, perhaps, as among insects. Plants, however, rooted as they are to one spot, and in gen eral incapable of movement, exhibit contrivance in the only way left them to do so, in their habits of growth, and in the form and arrangement of their parts, as seen, for instance, in the mantomed to wonderful stories ner in which many provide for the disof the wisdom of ants and tribution of their seed, and the inof bees, as well as other ventive faculty, so to speak, shown in worthy members of entomo- the modifications of form in orchids

butes conscious intelligence to these gyranus) of India, of the three leaflets itself during the day, and turns sharply When we consider the wonderful down at night, while the other two adaptation of means to an end, the pre- smaller leaflets move constantly day vision and the ingenious methods em- and night, describing complete circles ployed by many sorts of insects in with a peculiar jerking motion like the carrying out the purposes and objects second hand of a watch. Occasionally of their lives, we are indeed inclined they rest for a period, and then go on to credit them with intelligence of a again, thus bringing every part of high order. It is only after we are every leaf to the full action of the sun-

can by watching, see the leaves read-Light, for example, attracts insects in just themselves to their new position answering to the tactile sense in ani-Intelligence does, indeed, direct the mals. A number of plants besides the



PLANTS THAT EAT INSECTS.

this kind mimic intelligence on the part sects. of the actor, something perhaps as do have been invented by Tesia, which. worked by etheric waves, proceeds in any given direction, turns or dives beneath the surface of the water upon which it floats, not in obedience to any directing power on board, but at the will of the person operating a battery on the shore.

Take from the cell excavated by a digger wasp, the grasshopper she has placed there, and upon which she has laid her egg, and the wasp, after entering and exploring the cell, will, instead of restocking it and laying another egg. calmly close it up, just as she would have done had it not been robbed.

The sand wasn (Bembex) can unerringly return to the entrance to her cell from the distance of a mile or more. over a featureless sand bank, and although her burrow is covered over with sand, and to human eyes entirely indistinguishable from the parts surround-



AN INSECT CAUGHT IN THE TENTACLES OF DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIS.

ing it, the wasp can alight upon the exact spot, scratch away the sand and enter the nest; but remove the surface, exposing the cell and the larvae, and Bembex is entirely at a loss, unable to recognize either her own nest or her own offspring. Nothing can more perfectly show how an interaction of forces, without a conscious, directing intelligence, can, in a certain particular way, achieve a marvelous result while in every other, it results in confusion and failure. The unu all happens, and an organism constituted as is the Bembex, is thrown out of gear, much as would be a machine in which a cog-wheel has failed to engage the answering cogs of another wheel.

There are in plants fully as many in four years to 1,250,000.

with intent to go at once to my father actions of the bee in building her comb common sensitive plant, exhibit apparand filling it with honey, and the ant ent sensibility to external impressions my gaze which arrested my progress in her wonderful domestic economy; and manifest also the power of transbut it is an intelligence quite as much mitting the perception of these impres above the plane of consciousness of sions from one part of the plant to the bee and of the ant, as it is above another. In addition to this power, that of the orchid, for instance, in the there are plants which possess a power admirably ingenious manner in which of discrimination that certainly seems the flower enlists the aid of the insect to have as just a claim to be called in chaveying pollen. Reflex actions of intelligent as the actions of some in-

If a drop of water or a grain of sand the movements of the beat, said to falls upon the gland-studded leaves of the sundew (Drosera), nothing more happens that as if they had been dropped upon the leaf of any ordinary plant; but let an insect or a bit of meat take the place of these innutritious substances, and you shall see the tentacular glands gradually bend over, and assisted by the curling up of the leaf itself, enfold the esculent morsel, and cover it with a digestive fluid, which at once dissolves it and adapts it to be assimilated by the insect-eating plant .- Scientific American.

Mr. Gladstone's Lunch.

"He had a most enviable appetite for plain, nutritious food," said Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in his charming discourse on Mr. Gladstone at the Cambridge summer meeting. "The word reminds me." writes a correspondent, "of a luncheon party at Hawarden Castle a year or two before Mr. Gladstone's death. He was then, by medical orders, on very simple diet indeed, and while we others partook of all sorts of dainty dishes he ate his boiled fish and milk pudding without a word or sigh, giving us meanwhile one of those delightful sparkling 'monologues' to which Mr. Russell refers. Toward the end of the meal, however, I noticed that Mr. Gladstone lost a little of his smiling screnity, and once or twice looked around somewhat furtively to see if the man behind his chair had departed. When this event had at last taken place the old man rose with a twinkle in his eyes, went to the sideboard, cut himself a substantial 'crust' off of the loaf, helped himself to a pientiful supply of cheese. and while we toyed with bothouse grapes and peaches, he ate the 'forbidden fruit' with the relish of a schoollwy."-Westminster Gazette.

Nine Men and a Tailor. Once upon a time there was a tailor who had only nine customers, but as the nine were very wealthy men, who wore a great many suits of clothes each season, and were not at all particular as to how much they paid for them, he succeeded in accumulating a

fortune in a few years. Moral.-Nine men can make a tailor, if they only spend enough .- New York Herald.

Wild Elephants Grow Scarce. It is estimated that there are fewer than 10,000 wild elephants left in all the countries on the globe, and that five of these will be killed off where one is born. It is a matter of only a few years when the last must go

A single pair of rabbits can multiply

Napoleon's Magic Table

The Great Curiosity Now Owned by a Noble Swedish Family.

APOLEON'S magic table is one of the greatest curiosities from the time of the Grand Emperor, who had it in his study at the Castle of St. Cloud. After

from without, and, finally, seven views must be taken from various standpoints. The subject is also fitted with a sort of harness which indicates points of comparison. These points may, however, be marked directly on the person instead. The relative positions of the camera, the network, and the subject are carefully adjusted so that the subject appears always on the same scale, and then the photograph is taken from the various necessary standpoints.-St. James's Gazette.

Jealous Romans.

The Villa Borghese, whose cool, shady park is the daily promenade of fashionable Roman society and the rethe death of Napoleon it was bought sort of many Americans, has just been



TOP OF NAPOLEON'S MAGIC TABLE.

in London by Baron Rehausen, Swed- offered for sale, and is the centre of ish Ambassador to the Court of St. through inheritance, says the Strand Magazine, by one of the foremost families of the Swedish nobility. Inside the drawer of the table is pasted an old slip on which is printed a description.



which in modernized English reads as follows: "The Emperor Napoleon was highly delighted with this extraordinary work of art. It formed the surface of one of the tables in his study, and was always shown to all foreigners of Tatler. distinction who visited the imperial court. It is a painting, whose resemblance to what it represents is the most illusive ever produced by the genius of man. One may look at this strange production of art in different lightsthe pieces of money, the fragment of broken glass, the penknife, water and cards retain an equally illusive appear ance as the observer moves round the table-but it requires a very minute examination to discover all the truly magical wonders it possesses." In these times, when relics of Napoleon I. are eagerly sought for, the present whereabouts and the picture of this masterpiece should certainly interes; all connoisseurs.

Tailor Measurements by Photography. A new method of measuring for tailors has been patented in Paris. The person to be measured is placed before the camera, and between them is introduced a network that it photographed at the same time and serves as a standard. Certain articles are necessary to obtain a complete result; thus, certain hidden parts, like the armpits, etc., 5257 males and 1403 females committed must be indicated by objects visible suicide.

the deepest interest in the Eternal City. James at that time. It is now owned The park is private property, but by the will of Cardinal Scipion his beirs are obliged to keep the park open to the public, and at the same time to keep the property in good order.

The cost of keeping up such a domain is immense, and the villa is heavily mortgaged. Recently the property was put up at auction, but no offers were made. Speculators are kept away by the conditions attached. The Romans are very tenacious of the rights given to them by their fellow citizen, Cardinal Scipion, and will not hear of allowing one of the venerable old trees to be cut down and the land divided into building lots.-New York Times.

Routed the Enemy. Counsel, too, have their private luncheon room in the courts, and apropos of this I may tell what I believe is an unpublished Lockwood story. One day the sanctum was invaded by a gaunt female who upon being courteously approached by the junior flatly declined to leave. Thereupon an unblusing Q. C. looked the lady in the face and expressed his mind. Still she did not budge. Lockwood then intervened. "I do not think there is anything unseemly in this lady's presence," quoth he. "She wears a gown, and-yes, I'm pretty sure that she also wears a wig." The lady went.-London



These spoons, used by Romans, had pointed ends to use in drawing snails from their shells.

Illinois capitalists have bought up the big marshes opposite New Orleans on the Mississippi, and propose to reclaim them after the manner prevailing in Holland.

In Prussia, during the year 1900,

THE PRESIDENT AT PLAY.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON HIS HUNTER.